

KT Tunstall, Change

The wind is cold tonight
Or so I am told
I don't really know
And as I kill my light
There's nothing left to show
How does that blow at you?

And if I change
Am I denying what was said?
If I remain the same
Am I creating greater problems instead?

Do you ever think you're being thought about? (do you ever think)
Do you still believe we need to sort things out? (do you still believe)
Does it matter now, all those things we said? (does it matter now)
I want to know, can I still creep into your bed at night
And leave your head alone